

THE FAT HEAD

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COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY, WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

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College Ousts Social Rules

Administration officials and the WSCGA have announced drastic revision of the social rules. "We have decided," said Smiling Jack, "that we have had an attitude of distrust of the students. From now on we will work on the assumption that everyone is good at heart and that the best thing to do is to leave the students alone."

All social rules have been abolished. Boys and girls may now drink to excess if they wish without fear of "being separated from the college." But Smiling Jack says, "Under our system no one will want to drink. They only do it now to annoy us." Students may have cars and drive anywhere they want, on condition that they check with Charles A. Fluke first so that he may make sure they have enough gas.

Women may now smoke any place they want to, sunbathe in the Sunken Garden, wear bathing suits to class, and stay out all night. Miss Maggie Lose-Bob stated that women will no longer need social cards to date their brothers but that they will need written permission from their mothers stating that it will be safe before they will be given social cards for their fathers.

All housemothers will be dismissed as the administration feels they are a part of their old feeling of distrust. Smiling Jack said happily, "We'll be just one big family."

Pogo-Pogo Native Visits The College

Mahari Chest, visiting statesman and dignitary from Pogo-ogo, Arabia, land of the pogo-stick, is staying in Williamsburg several days and will lecture to students of the physics department, Friday night, on "The Pogo Stick and the Jump in Historical Movements."

Mahari Chest's native state, Pogo-Pogo, has been the most toured and photographed area on the African Continent since the war, largely because of the pogo stick and its effect on the population.

The pogo stick was first used by Mahari Chest's grandfather, I. Magbig Sticker, who fathered the original idea. For 42 years after the innovation, Mr. Sticker propulsed himself to work on his pogo piece, without being late. As Mr. Chest explained this travel technique to the *Fat Head* reporter, the idea works on the tennis ball principle with shaft and handles added. If winter comes can spring be far behind?

Since first arriving in America, and incidentally Mahari Chest is the first man to cross the Atlantic by cablegram, he has had nothing but trouble. "Always one jump ahead of the law!" Mr. Chest's trip by cable came as a complete surprise to his mother who was expecting flowers. Everlastingly on the (po) go, this erratic advocate of vertical movement plans demonstrations in all leading cities of the United States.

Mahari Chest was first attracted to the U. S. by rumors reaching him from American companies concerning he yo-yo, "which I assumed to be an aesthetic relative of the pogo." Mr. Chest surmised, "I find it interesting and humorous to compare two instruments of pleasure and utility and you may quote me, 'the yo-yo is a thing on a string; the pogo is a thing on a spring.'"

Unfortunately Mahari Chest's

Home Ec Men Become Chefs

Returning last week from a field trip to New York, N. Y., the members of Iota Beta Pi, men's honorary home economics fraternity, announced that they were now prepared to assume their positions as chefs at the College cafeteria.

Said Nkox Jamsey, president of the organization, "We have observed the culinary art at its best in the famous kitchens of the Waldorf-Hashtoria and are now endeavoring to equal their cuisine here at Millions of Marys."

Iota Beta Pi dishes, soon to be served in the cafeteria, include such delicacies as Kernodle soup,

Benches Placed In Sunken Garden

"Benches will be placed in the Sunken Gardens next semester," stated John E. Boycott, dean of men, yesterday. In pursuit of safety, all students will be required to confine their tete-a-tetes to the benches.

Since February, 31 students have been admitted to the infirmary for fractures, lacerations, and abrasions after having tripped over couples engaged in conversation on the Garden steps.

eggs a-la Hendrix, Rance-id meat, O'Brien potatoes, and Kinnamon toast and coffee.

M-M Receives 4 New Books

Robert Bland, director of the College Library, officially announced yesterday that a valuable book collection was received by the Library last week. This collection will be carefully guarded and no copy may be removed from the Library stack rooms.

Several of the rare volumes are as follows: *Sex and How to Catch Your Man* by Mary Smith; *The Art of Yo-Yokery* by D. M. Blight; *Facts And Or Figures* by G. W. Ripp; and *How To Dampen a Dry State* by Larry Tinson.

WSCG Plans Floor Show

Plans for a floor show to be staged nightly (except Monday) in the Sunken Gardens were discussed at a meeting of the WSCGA last Monday, May 21, held in Phi Beta Kappa Hall.

Fairweather Smith, who suggested the innovation, pointed out that there is a definite need for some form of entertainment for students who prefer sitting out in the fresh air rather than being cooped up in a theater or at a dance. Under her plan, shows would be held twice each evening and a new show could be presented each week. Both talented students and outside performers could be employed, and a small cover charge would defray expenses.

"The Sunken Garden has already proved its popularity, so why should we ignore its ideal location and perfect setting?" Fairweather demanded.

The suggestion met with the unanimous approval of the women students, and it is scheduled to come up before the Student Assembly next week.

Effie Squeak Is Among Missing

No further clues as to the mysterious disappearance of Effie Squeak, formerly a proctor of Garrett Hall, have been discovered, according to an announcement released by the administration early today.

On the night of her disappearance, Effie was giving a report on maintaining quiet in the dormitory before the house committee of Garrett. Having proved that 99 44/100% of all college girls talk above whispers and fail to tiptoe either in the halls or in their own rooms during quiet hours, she proceeded to recommend new rulings to remedy the situation. They were as follows:

All conversation during quiet hour will be carried on in sign language.

Girls passing through the halls at this time will keep their feet at least six inches above the floor while walking.

Breathing, unless quiet, will be strictly forbidden.

At this point one of those present rose and screamed, and the entire committee got up, lunging toward Miss Squeak. The lights went out, and since that moment, no trace of Effie has been found. It is believed however, that she is hanging around the campus somewhere.

Garrett Hall is offering a reward of one free potassium cyanide and soda for information leading to the discovery of Effie's whereabouts.

Susie Flop Becomes Prexy Of College Club

Pretty, energetic Suzie Flop was for the third time elected president of the Provide-Housemothers - For-Postwar-Japanese-College - Men-Club on Friday, May 17, at 12:00 midnight in Rogers 400.

Flop is well known for her activities around campus, and she hopes that next year many more housemothers will go to Japan.

Cornsilk And Cuintet Fly From Toano For Colossal, Stupendous Final Dance

Hux Bunny, chairman of the soda-pop committee, has announced that he has succeeded in getting Clyde Cornsilk and his Caliope Cuintet for the June Finals.

Bunny, who has been trying for the past two months to get a big name orchestra, found that Clyde Cornsilk would be nearby the week of the Finals, and contacted him immediately. Mr. Cornsilk's agent replied post haste that the Caliope Cuintet would be available for both nights of the big week end.

The total sale of tickets so far, according to figures given out by Hux last Tuesday night, amount to \$6.52 plus a token for a Richmond trolley. This, plus the \$1.97 added by the College would cover the traveling expenses for the band as well as other costs.

A detailed account of costs for the Finals shows that it will take \$.65 to fly the Cuintet from Toano, \$2.00 for the orchestra, and the rest for decorations.

Clyde Cornsilk and the Caliope

Cuintet are known on the Peninsula and throughout the Old Dominion for their hot jive, and old time classics. Among his repertory on the more classical side is "Forever Amber At The Waldorf," and "Concerto for Harmonica by Sunlight." The popular fast numbers include "David and His Harem," and "Life Cannot Be Beautiful, But Definitely."

Latest weather reports from far of Cleptomania show that the readings over Williamsburg for that night will be low. Rain will set in a week ahead of time, and the temperature will be at least 101 degrees.

The administration has announced that there will be no need to send the girls corsages as they have had all the dandelions in the Sunken Garden picked and fashioned into corsages. Smiling Jack said, "The dandelion corsage will be the badge of the Millions of Marys coed. Due to the fact that the administration has been col-

lecting all the torn crepe paper from the Saturday night dances there will be no shortage of decorations. The crepe paper will be strewn promiscuously around the room to give it a look of careless simplicity.

It has been suggested that the girls should be prepared to have the dance in the Sunken Garden if it rains. Miss Maggie Lose-Bob has said that in case of rain the girls should cut off their evening dresses at the bottom so that the rain would no ruin them.

In order to save food, especially bread, the refreshments will consist of olives and Ry-Krisp. The outstanding item in the refreshments list will be special water flown in from another state.

Girls who have not yet passed the test on how to drown gracefully may take retests at Blow Pool, Tuesday, July 1, at 3:17 a. m.

Men Of Distinction Drink Calverts



Mahari Chest, visiting dignitary from Pogo-ogo, reclines on Barrett Beach during his visit to Millions of Marys.

visit will be limited. Already he has bent several pogo sticks on the brick walls of the city. Many feel Mahari Chest's innovation has

come too late for our generation, since we are already jumping to jive.

After leaving Williamsburg, Ma-

hari Chest will join his fiancée, Schowmee A. Goodwun, of Tuxedo Junction, Ala., for a tandem tour of the West Coast.

Millions of Marys Get Around

By F. E. Smettcar

Have you ever been a night-watchman? Have you ever seen our night watchmen? If you haven't, eat raw carrots; they will improve your night vision, to coin a phrase.

Skipping gaily across the campus, our night watchmen keep their night-long vigil. They are the campus commandos, to coin a phrase. With cork-blackened faces, armed to the teeth, and with their distinctive dahlia boutonnières, they sink from shadow to shadow, watching.

Do you know the difference between a night watchman? Here is our simple definition of "night watchman" to help you improve your night vision. Night watchman is composed of night, watch, and man:

Night . . . Absence of Light

First, there is "night." Night is the absence of light. Light is the opposite of heavy. You figure it from there. Our point is obvious . . . to coin a phrase.

Secondly, there is "watch." Watches have been found everywhere, on wrists, in watch pockets, on bosoms, in Switzerland, and on the Rhine. Watch is a verb, or sometimes it is intransitive. Other times it indicates action. Where action is indicated we find the night watchman. We presume that it is sufficiently clear.

Women . . . Spare Ribs

The last component is "man." Man is a vivid illustration of the antonym of spare-rib, since women were made from spare-ribs. Made, that is . . . to coin a phrase. Speaking of food, have you ever eaten in the cafeteria? We did again, we can write about night last month. Now that we are well

watchmen.

Our two night watchmen lead miserable lives. They are married. Each evening, as we wend our weary way back from Rexall's No. 2½, they are just beginning their night. Imagine starting a night in Williamsburg at ten o'clock. You'd be miserable, too.

To Coin a Phrase

Speaking of women, there are many kinds of women, none of which are found on this campus. Did you see "The Outlaw"? According to the latest census figures. Figures do not always tell the truth, to coin a phrase. The 1946 census indicates that there are still more coeds than Chi-O's. There are two kinds of coeds, the short ones and the Kappas.

But getting back to our subject, as if we ever had one, our night watchmen get lonesome at night. Until the eleven o'clock bell blasts us off the Sunken Garden steps, they can enjoy life. They love to watch. That is why they are watchmen.

After 11:00 What?

But after eleven o'clock, what is there for them to do? What can they watch? Their night vision is being wasted. Why should they eat carrots? To coin a phrase, are they rabbits?

There are many questions. Questions will always outnumber answers. Why do soap operas always have organ overtures? Will people outlive sex? While down at one of the local roadhouses the other night at the Judicial Committee's beer brawl, we decided that what we need in Williamsburg is a very large five-cent beer. Why are coeds born with hollow legs?

Night Watchmen Must Live

Therefore, all things considered, we feel justified in demanding that the administration take action. Night watchmen must have something to watch. Women's social rules must be amended to allow all-night dating. Consider the poor watchmen . . . after all, they have to live too, to coin a phrase.

Furthermore, we all need better night vision. Since we are going to have all night dating . . . again, the way we had it before the war. Ah, those good old days! We are selfish in our desire for the return of all-night dating. All we want is to give our heroic night watchmen something to watch. Night vision is all important.

Next Week

Turn to this column next week for the answer to that all-important question . . . will night vision ever replace radar? Will little Nellie get Ghastly Gus's fraternity pin? Will her old Aunt Gilda find her missing illegitimate daughter, Kitty? Will Kitty's common-law husband be able to save the life of his brother's sister-in-law, Loganberry McFinsterph? The answer to these, and all other questions will be yours next week . . . or simpler, send to us the tops of ten cartons of Blotz's beer and we will send you, postpaid, all of these answers, neatly engraved on the head of a pin.

THE FLAT HAT



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Theatre Presents One Hell Of A Play

By SICKLE

The curtain of the Millions of Marys Theatre opened last night on **Murder in the Bedroom** or **When Ladies Retire**, by Mont-morency G. Lovelace.

It is not our purpose as review-ers to criticize the play itself. However after long discussion with Dr. Falcon we have come to the conclusion that the plot is based upon unsound psychological principles.

The unfortunate victim of Mr. Lovelace's schemes, ably played by Miss Forestberry, is possessed of a terrible fear of the dark, a phobia which causes her untimely death. The husband, only one, who is played by Mr. Grand, suc-ceeds in solving the crime only after killing his wife's insane sis-ters, who are portrayed by Misses Jin-Wis and Jin-Hamm.

Mr. Buckan and Mr. Wineloot play the collaborating psychoanal-ysts who prey upon Miss Forest-berry's mind until she finally dies of heart failure. The pair plan to steal the railroad rights which tycoon, Mr. Atchinson, has given to the murdered wife. However, Miss Lo Fever arrives on the scene, Atchinson gives her the rail-road fortune, and the ungrateful girl runs off to Santa Fe with Grand.

On the whole it was one hell of a play. Our apologies go to Mr. Lovelace of Eastern State.

Camp Sherry Throws Brawl

High spot of the Millions of Marys social whirl of the past week was Camp Sherry's Snap dance last Saturday. Transporta-tion to the dance, in the form of a number of radar-controlled wheelbarrows, was provided for College girls.

Decorations of sky blue and chartreuse crepe paper, draped over specially-grown Pride of El-dorado cabbages, festooned the walls, and furthering the effect, the roof of the cold storage plant, in which the dance was held, had been carefully removed to admit light and air.

Music was furnished by Jack Snark and his Frenesie Scramb-lers. Although the band had been organized only three hours before, it was able to render two songs, "Bell Bottom Trousers" and "Hey Ba Ba Re Bop." During inter-mission, which was long, by re-quest, the dance crowd was enter-tained by ten trained seals and Gypsy Rose Lee. This perfor-mance was ended abruptly by the entrance of the combined forces of the S.P.C.A. and the Virginia bureau of Censorship.

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